

SPOILED HIS DINNER

WHY GENERAL CLARK ONCE REFUSED TO EAT WITH VEST.

Had Flight of the Big Missouri Fighter Under the Heel and Wreath of the Artist and Tantalizing Senator.

Among the most prominent story tellers in Missouri annals were General John B. Clark of Wilson creek fame and the matchless George Graham Vest. The writer remembers a story Senator Vest used to tell about General Clark that is worth while.

Vest and Clark were seated at a table in a popular restaurant in Washington, chatting about Missouri and Missourians while the waiter was out preparing their order for dinner. On this particular occasion, Vest was doing most of the listening, while General Clark in his peculiar scrappy, piping and denigrating, principally denigrating, of Missouri political leaders. Those who knew General Clark well during his lifetime undoubtedly remember with what extravagance the general could praise and laud those he had a liking for at the moment and with what grim humor he could satirize and ridicule the foibles and weaknesses of those he happened to dislike. It was these dispositions on the part of the general that caused him to get into trouble at this time.

Although Vest was listening attentively and respectfully to the general's conversation, assisting him on with his story with a grunt of approval now and then, even offering suggestions as occasion would permit, yet all the while the senator was casting his eyes to the daily paper spread out upon the table near him. The general, encouraged by Vest's grunts and suggestions, was working himself up to a striking climax in a ludicrous story about a Missouri politician whom the general for the moment had concluded he didn't like, when he was abruptly interrupted by Senator Vest's speaking as if he had just discovered something in the paper he had been glancing at.

"By the way, general," said Vest, "do you know one Captain John Smith?" (we will call him "Captain John Smith" for the purpose of this story, "down in Missouri?")

"Yes," snapped the general, showing some irritation at having his story interrupted right in the very flower of its growth, "certainly I know him, and a drier coward never walked the face of the earth than this same Captain John Smith."

This little fling at Captain Smith was a left handed stroke at Vest for interrupting his (Clark's) story, as Vest had planned and expected it would be. However, the general showed a disposition to let it all go at this and attempted to resume his fractured story about the Missouri politician.

"As I was saying," "Well," Vest interrupted again, not pretending to notice that the general had attempted to resume his story, "I don't know anything about the fellow being a coward. In fact, I know nothing about him. But I knew you did, and I thought I would get you to tell me something about him."

"Of course I know him, Vest," the general responded, pitching his scrappy voice in a little higher key, "and I have already said enough about him to cause any genuine Missourian to lose interest in him. There is nothing to him, I tell you, except a yellow streak from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, a forked streak. Know him? Why, I know him like a book. He's a coward, I tell you, and that's enough for any Missourian to know about anybody. Why, I tell you that fellow is afraid to go out in the cornfield where they are gathering corn because the popping of the breaking cornstalks sounds so much like a gunshot that it frightens him nearly to death. Don't talk to me, Vest, about Captain John Smith. I know him."

"I didn't know him, general," Vest innocently responded, "but since you have given such a graphic description of his character I feel that I know him better. Nevertheless, general, the fellow seems to write a right good article."

"Humph!" snorted the general in disgust. "It'd like to know what that fellow could be writing about. Nobody would believe a word he could say. He's a coward, I tell you. I know, for I've had him in command under me, and I've seen him flinch time and again. Nobody will ever believe a word a coward will say, but what is the fellow trying to write about, Vest?"

"The Battle of Wilson Creek," the senator replied as he picked up the paper and prepared to read the story to the general. The senator knew he had the general at the verge of the precipice and that it was time to topple him over, and right well did he do it.

The battle of Wilson creek was General Clark's theme on any and all occasions, and as soon as Senator Vest mentioned that, as being Captain Smith's subject, the general was all attention in a moment.

The senator began the story at the beginning and read it clear through for the general's benefit, occasionally glancing over the edge of the paper out of the corner of his eye to observe the effect it was having on the general. The senator was soon rewarded, for the general soon began to twist and wriggle uneasily in his seat. In other words, the general was over the precipice. He knew it and was working his brain for all it was worth for a bold recovery.

The senator chuckled quietly to himself as he read on. Presently he came

to the climax of the story, that read about as follows:

It was a desperate and sanguinary battle. The men in our line were falling like withered leaves in a November gale, and blood was running in little rivulets from pool to pool that had gathered in the depression all over the battleground. Our men were mostly raw recruits, unaccustomed to such scenes of carnage, and, as might be expected under such circumstances, they wavered under the dashing onslaught of the intrepid Lyon and his valiant men. For a moment it appeared that the day and all its even honor, would be lost in complete defeat and ignominious rout. Just at this critical moment when should go to the relief of our sorely tried men but that gallant brigade commanded by that bold, intrepid leader who knows not what the word fear means, General John B. Clark, the greatest hero of the battle, and the day was—

"Who'd you say wrote that article, Vest?" broke in General Clark, not being able to restrain himself longer.

"Captain John Smith," the senator replied parenthetically and turned to his paper again as if he was about to resume the reading.

"Oh, thunder," snorted the general in response, "I thought you was talking about Captain John T. Smith—at least that is the man I had in mind all the time. You know, there were two Captain Smiths in my brigade. One was Captain John T. Smith, whom everybody nicknamed as 'John the Coward,' and there was plain Captain John Smith, whom everybody nicknamed 'John the Bold,' and bold indeed he was. There is no braver, more truthful and more upright man in every respect in all the state of Missouri, Vest, than this same plain Captain John Smith. 'The bold,' furthermore, Vest, every word he has written in that article is the unvarnished truth from beginning to end. I'll vouch for plain Captain John Smith every time. Besides, I was there, you know, and I know it is so."

"But, general," the senator rejoined as he fairly exploded with laughter, "you see, this article is signed by John T. Smith, not the plain John Smith. I did not think at any time that the middle initial would assist you in identifying this man; hence my failure to give his full name as it is written here when I first inquired about him."

This was too much for the general. Bounding from his seat and shaking his finger in the senator's face, he said:

"Vest, of all the demons that stalk upon the face of the earth you are the biggest and most heartless. I'll not eat with you, sir."—Kansas City Star.

Sir Walter Scott's Pluck.

When Sir Walter Scott was left poverty stricken, with debt amounting to \$700,000, he said to his creditors, "Give me time, and I shall be able to pay you every farthing." Having relinquished his property to his creditors, he said to a friend in a letter, "I must be very hard thus to lose all the labors of a lifetime and be a poor man at last. But if God grants me strength and life a few years longer I have no doubt I shall be able to pay it all."

He then set to work in earnest, and during the three years that followed performed a literary feat unequalled and reaped immense profits. In these three years, from 1827 to 1830, he wrote and published about thirty different volumes, making more than ten a year. Besides this he was editing an edition of his novels, to which he added copious notes, and such was the demand for these works that over 1,000 persons were occupied in their mere manufacture. It seems hardly credible, but nineteen of these volumes were edited and published in a year. The profits resulting from these three years of labor amounted to something like \$300,000.

Bought Her Own Gown.

They tell a story of an unfortunate Parisian society woman who, being terribly pushed for a gown to wear at a great occasion, sold seven gowns for the price of one to Mme. X. Among these gowns was one hardly rumpled and which, though very magnificent, had evidently been worn at most only once. This dress Mme. X. sold as a model to Mme. Y, who was the society woman's dressmaker and who had been obdurate about making another thing for the poor little woman without cash down. When this "model" came in she saw a chance for big return of money, so she compromised with her customer and agreed to let her have a new dress, just imported, for a very low figure. Whereat the poor little woman paid all the money she had received for all her dresses and out Mme. Y. brought the model. The poor woman talked herself blue in the face, but she could not say anything to protect herself without betraying her dealing with Mme. X., so, poor thing, she danced in her old frock after all, having swapped all her dress gowns for the privilege.

A Transformation Scene.

A fashionable audience in Paris listened to a lecture on chemistry by a celebrated chemist. At the conclusion of the lecture a lady and gentleman who were among the first to leave the hall had reached the open air when the lady caught her escort staring at her. "What is the matter?" asked the madame in surprise. "Pardon me, but you are quite blue!" The lady returned to the hall and approached a mirror. She started back in horror. The rouge upon her cheeks had been converted into a beautiful blue by the chemical decomposition which had taken place under the influence of the gases which had been generated during the lecture. The majority of the women in the audience had suffered in a similar manner. There were all sorts of colors—blue, yellow, violet and black. Some whose vanity had induced them to put ivory on the skin, coral on the lips, rouge on the cheeks and black on the eyebrows had undergone a ludicrous transformation.

An Error of Judgment.

The leading paper in a provincial town recently published the following matrimonial advertisement: "A young lady of enormous wealth, who is prepared to pay off all the debts of her intended husband, desires to form the acquaintance of a respectable young gentleman with a view to matrimony. Each reply to be accompanied by a photo of the sender and addressed to J. P., at the office of this paper."

The delicate hand which drew up the above lines and thereby secured a very large number of offers belonged to no less a personage than Herr Irig Schlancheles, who had lately opened a clothing establishment in the town. By means of the photos sent in he was enabled to ascertain which of his would be customers were in the habit of leaving their debts unpaid.—From the German.

Force of Habit.

"How many times has your husband been under the knife?" "Dear me, I don't know; but he's become so accustomed to it that he lies down to be operated on every time he sees a doctor."—Chicago Record-Herald.

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JACQUES BONHOMME.

His Remarkable Experience With Satan and His Imps.

One of the most curious and unaccountable of the mediæval French legends is that of Jacques Bonhomme and his imps. According to the story, Bonhomme was the only poor man in the community where he lived, and in order to put himself on a financial footing which would give him a social standing among his neighbors he sold himself to the devil. Before the devil came to close the bargain and take poor Jacques to the realm of fire and brimstone Jesus and Peter wandered that way in disguise. Jacques entertained the visitors in royal style, seating Jesus in his best chair and plucking all the ripe cherries on his single tree to help make out a frugal dinner for the wayfarers. Peter continually urged Jacques to seek salvation, entreaties to which the hardened Frenchman paid but little attention.

When the strangers were ready to pursue their journey Jesus frankly told his host that he had no money to pay for the dinner, but that he would grant three "wishes." Jacques, who had for some days been heartily sick of his bargain with Satan, asked that whoever should afterward sit in the chair where Jesus had sat might not be able to arise therefrom until he (Jacques) should so will. The second wish was to the effect that whoever might climb his single cherry tree might remain there until requested to come down. The third wish was that whoever or whatsoever should enter his purse might not leave against the will of the owner.

When Satan came to claim Jacques he was given the chair in which Jesus had sat and was, of course, held as fast by the "spell" as though he had been caught in a mammoth steel trap. When the imps came they were enticed to climb the cherry tree, and immediately they, too, were prisoners of the wily Jacques. Finally Lucifer Bonhomme and all the minor officers of hell came to look after their chief and the imps. Jacques, with purse in hand, met them at the door and persuaded one after another to dive into its cavernous depths in search of gold. He then closed the purse and in full view of the helpless Satan and the tree imprisoned imps pounded it flat on the stone threshold. First, when the second officers of the infernal regions were flattened out of all semblance to imperial imps of darkness Satan called from the chair entreating Jacques to desist and promising a quittance from his obligations. Upon this assurance Jacques released the whole infernal tribe, and since that time they have all been ashamed to appear to men as they formerly did so frequently.

Executing Political Rivals.

In the reign of Charles II. the names of "Whig" and "Tory" were used for the two parties which we now call "Liberal" and "Conservative."

So strong was the hostility between the parties that when the king summoned his third parliament (1681) he was afraid for it to meet in London, which was very Whiggish, and he convened it at Oxford, where Toryism was strong. The Whig members, alarmed at this, rode into Oxford armed with pistols.

In the reaction which followed this display of force prominent Whigs were executed on the evidence of perjured informers, and many of them suffered death. The Earl of Shaftesbury, the Whig leader, was accused of high treason, but was acquitted. In fact, no Tory jurists would convict a Tory, and where the Whigs predominated no jury would convict a Whig. At last things reached such a climax that leading Whigs, in despair, formed a plan to compel the king to summon a free parliament, but they were accused of high treason, and some of their leaders were executed.—London Saturday Review.

Temperature of the Human Body.

It is remarkable what slight variation there is in the temperature of the healthy human body. The normal temperature is 98.6, and it is a fraction less than this one or two hours after midnight, while the maximum temperature occurs from one to two hours after the noon hour. The ingestion of food, fasting, exercise, all are factors in slightly varying the temperature. The great peculiarity about the temperature of man in its economic maintenance, all conditions. Heat or cold causes but slight variation, and in man less than in any other animal. In extremes that would be fatal to many animals man can endure and enjoy good health under those circumstances. We read of arctic voyagers enduring a temperature ranging from 90 degrees to 90 degrees and even 102 degrees below zero, while, on the other hand, in the tropics, during the greater part of the year, the temperature ranges from 106 degrees to 110 degrees above, and yet men enjoy health in such varying temperatures.

Ancient Salt Currency.

In various countries anciently and in some eastern ones down to the present time salt has been recognized as a medium of exchange. Cosmas speaks of a salt currency as being in use in the heart of Africa in the sixth century. Marco Polo in his work "Concerning the Kingdoms and Marvels of the East" written in the thirteenth century, tells us the Tibetans had paper of the great khan's paper money, but used salt instead. Their small change was made thus: They had salt, which they boiled and set in a mold flat below and round above, and every piece from the mold weighed half a pound. On these molds the prince's mark was set, and none but the royal officers specially appointed was permitted to make it. Eighty of these molds were reckoned to be equal to a "sargio of fine gold."

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Women's Felt Shoes—Lace shoes made of a good grade of felt and nicely fitted with flannel, sizes in the assortment from 4 to 9, usually sold for 1.00 per pair, for this sale, special at. 69c

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Women's Shoes—A lot of Lace and Button Sample Shoes, made of patent cloth and velvety kid, hand-sewed welted soles and a good assortment of sizes, worth from 2.50 to 3.50 per pair, special. 2.00

Women's Shoes—Made of good quality patent cloth, in lace and button styles, medium round toes and extension soles with tips, sold regularly for 1.50 per pair, during this sale, special. 1.25

Girls' Jetties—Made of excellent quality red felt and trimmed with fur, an assortment of sizes up to 1½, regular prices from 1.00 to 1.25 per pair, for this sale, special at. 59c

Children's Shoes—Made of velvety kid and patent leather, lace and button styles, hand-sewed turned soles, sizes up to 7½, regular 1.50 and 1.25 per pair, during this sale, special. 69c

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